The Pistol

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Summary: This entry is about a pistol. READ IT!

The Pistol

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Note: This is in haiku form.

The grip soaked with blood,

Held by those willing to kill,

A tool made to kill.

The recoil stings me,

My hand twitches with breif pain,

I kill with this tool.

Pulled out of the belt,

Spitting out bullets of death,

Bullets pierce the skin.

I pull the trigger,

My eyes aligned to the foe,

I want to kill him.

Death, pain, suffering,

I do this for a reason,

I'm not cold-blooded.

The foe's eyes twitching,

Fearing death, pain, and doom,

Muttering last words.

The bullet blasts out,

It hits the unlucky guy,

The bullet killed him.

It's me who killed him,

Guilt pours into my big heart,

It's me, who killed him.

End
file.